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of like prolixity? The morning broke amid the swampy lowlands of the Mis- sissippi, and breakfast and Burlington met together in the cheerful parsonage of Brother Pillsbury, willom of Port- land, Maine. The extremes meet of Maine and the Mississippi, and the Congress-st. pastor flourishes, though he was well ending his three years' flourish as the Division Street ditto—a not prophetic or typical symbol of the nation. I trust Congress should not become Division. This Church is not equal to the demands of the city, nor of Methodism; for here the Methodist Episcopal Church, as Dr. S. F. sagaci- ously calls it, has large away. By "here" I mean in Iowa. From my entrance into it that Friday morning, to my taking leave of it on Friday night, the fact of its Methodist con- dition impresses me more and more deeply. How odd it was to-night, in attending a meeting of a board of trustees of a neat stone gothic church, the finest by far in the town, to pre- pare the canvass for extinguishing its debt, to hear the members speak of the member of Congress giving so much, and the mayor so much, while judges, merchants, county officers and such like were looked upon as inevit- able prey.

In these four weeks I have crossed and recrossed the State in many direc- tions; and from its chief southeastern city, which Burlington is, to its capital, and its northern line, not thirty miles from the Minnesota border, I have looked upon it in all its rich and grow- ing beauty. It is "fair to see," is Iowa. I don't think any State exceeds her in beauty—not of the grand type—no heaven-kissing hills, no measureless woods, no Niagara rapines and rushes, but beauty. Grandeur is not a trait of her comeliness and character. Utility, her sons claim, is her chief excellence. "There is no State which has so little waste land," they proudly say—as if the White Mountains and the Alleghanies, the vast forests and mines of the Sa- perior region, the rocks of Massachusetts and of Maine, made waste land! The strength of the hills is not hers, also. It is all out of doors, this land; not flat, like Illinois, but rolling as an ocean, and more so. It is arsoft, English land- scape of rich fields, and not so rich woods.

The prettiest range of rolling land I have seen is about Des Moines. Here the bluffs become almost lofty, and their wooded ridges are very attractive. The capital is arising on one of the highest of those knolls—a marble mag- nificence that puts to the blush all Eastern extravagance or penury, save New York's. Here, too, we met the Governor—a quiet, General Grant-look- ing sort of a man; of his build, too, and, like him, shut in on himself, like a telescope, and not to be drawn out much more easily. He, too, follows the fashion of the State, and is a Method- ist, a good Church member, and identi- fied with her chief interests.

What makes the Methodist Episco- pals so prominent? Simply because they are so numerous. And why so numerous? Because they were first—just the reason why Congregationalists are ahead in New England, Baptists in Rhode Island, and Presbyterians in New Jersey, which they are not. Thirty years have not passed since this entered the Union. It graduated the same year I did—a coincidence interesting to me, though probably to no one else; 1846 saw it emerge from the senior class of the Territorial undergraduates.

Our Church was with it in its pup- ilage. Bishop Morris, the frontier Bishop, organized its first Conference in 1844. The first itinerant who swam the Mississippi and planted our flag in this State, did that in 1833. Abner Koelander was ahead of him. He had got hither from Boston, and declared that the Bible should not cross the Mis- sissippi. Where is he, and where is the Bible and its Church now? To- day our Church membership is sixty thousand more than that of all other evangelical Churches together. Is it any wonder that lawyers are so thick in our Church, and State rulers, and other professionals? They grew so. May the Church keep them pure, and the State through them!

may not Methodism in Iowa be alike permanent in its present colleges? It is pretty certain no one of these means to die, though it is also equally certain that each one of them is perfectly will- ing all the rest should die. There are no especial signs or need of dying. They are all well patronized, and are filling their Conferences and the com- munity with their graduates. Money, too, they are accumulating. Every one of them is better off than any New En- gland college thirty years after it or its colony was founded. With the growing wealth of the people they will grow.

Our Congregational brothers have one college, Grinnell; that is, one they call their own. It is prettily located, and Brother Causey, formerly of the New England Conference, is sent to Methodistically pastorize it. Call and see him on your way. I saw its finan- cial agent—a good old superannuate—trudging along a country road, near this Charles City, the other day, visit- ing the sisters to get their mites for their college. He has gathered six thousand dollars in five-dollar subscriptions for three years. His rich brethren of the East should help these poor relations. This Church of our grandfathers has a respectable foothold in the State. About twelve thousand members and two hun- dred ministers are the comfortable out- growth of eleven Andover students sent hither some quarter of a century ago. Had we waited for scholars, we should have been as small, or smaller.

There used to be a great deal of talk, when and where I was a boy, as to the ministerial destitution of the West, be- cause Eastern schools had not dumped their white-chokered ministers on these plains. You don't hear out this way much such talk. The pioneer preach- ers have raised up a generation of suc- cessors who are as polished and power- ful as any of their Eastern-trained brethren.

The Humboldt College you will re- member, perhaps, to have read of in Mr. Hale's "Ten Times One Is Ten." It consists of one nice building, fifteen to twenty miles from a railroad. Bos- ton men, carefully picked up by its un- wearied agent, erected the building. Only a few students, and they of a low- ly grade, attend it, and it will be a long while before E. E.'s glowing multitudes will gather in its walls. Like all at- tempts to transplant that Unitarian de- liciacy of the Back Bay conservatories, it is a practical failure. Better put the money where it will do the most good, in these crowded Methodist schools.

The growth of this State is interest- ing. It is, in some respects, still a frontier State. Yet it is also as well, as comfortably, and as cultivated settled as our most Eastern commonwealths. Look at the house where I am writing this! A handsome brick structure, with bay windows, floors laid in oak and black walnut panels, polished black walnut stairs and balustrade, carved mosaics of like sort in niches, delicate fire-place surroundings, furnace, and all fixings of the best sort you see in the best houses about Boston. Yet this town is away out in Central Iowa, and well toward the border. A full German blooded judge and his comely Yankee wife, from Somerset County, Maine, make the house comfortable with their hospitalities. He is expert in his father's tongue, and she is "up" in all the Yankee gifts, even to mince pie, baked beans and brown bread.

Last week I spent on the verge of civilization, so called. The house was as handsome as the best about New York; while lace curtains, tapestry carpets, and talks at the table about Emerson, Bartol, and other Yankee celebrities, over as perfect squash pie as Kendall's restaurant can serve, showed that this "ragged edge" was a handsome fringe. So did the forty- thousand-dollar court house, the finest I have seen in these counties, and hand- somer than I had ever seen in New En- gland. So did the very intelligent au- dience that gathered in that handsome hall.

Yet here we were, close into the grass- hopper country, and close on the un- broken prairie. Near at hand, too, were the dug-outs or earth-huts, where settlers still live. From that court house roof you can see all these frontier sights. That grasshopper raid was a novelty and terror which that Conference had not gotten over talking about. They were not the "hopper-grass" of our childhood, jerking along like a lively boy on a pair of crutches. They were high-fliers. They rose about nine in the morning (in that respect behaving very humanly and properly), and went into the sky a mile high. A black cloud darkening the sun, they flew, or were flown, if Richard Grant White will allow that grammatical form, until four in the afternoon, when they lit, like a balloon, where the wind listed. There and then they began to eat, and kept at it till next day morning, not stopping to sleep—probably sleeping and eating at the same time. Thus they swept— a cloud of devastation—across West- ern Minnesota and Iowa, Dakota and Nebraska and Kansas, "eating," says

our witty singer, Lozier, to his Confer- ence, "every green thing, present com- pany excepted;" and adding, with more felicitous wit, "this is not ego- tism." But midnight has come, and I must go. *Bon soir.*

THE OLD STONE MILL AT NEW-PORT.

BY H. N. MUDGE.

Antiquarians with characteristic zeal have elevated the "Old Stone Mill" at Newport, more commonly called the Old Round Tower, to a prominence in literature which it could not have gained except for the universal leasing of all classes of people toward the marvelous. The mill is in a half-ruined state, carefully protected by an iron fence, built about it by those who hoped to thus preserve a relic (as they sup- posed) of the eleventh century.

It is of circular shape, about twenty- three feet in diameter, is built of stone, and at about half its altitude are eight arches, supported by the same number of cylindrical columns. It has been known to have had, within the last hundred years, a hemispherical roof, and a floor above the arcade, but both now have disappeared. By whom, and at what time it was built, have been questions of much controversy, and until quite lately the popular opin- ion has been that it was built by Ice- landic voyagers. These are believed to have been the first discoverers and settlers of the New World. Antiquar- ies of northern Europe, desirous of giving the honor of this discovery to the Scandinavian voyagers, have decided upon Rhode Island as their principal settlement. They have labored long and hard to prove, by showing the sim- ilarity between the Round Tower at Newport and buildings in northern Europe, that the tower was built by them. Some claim that it was an ap- pendage to some religious temple, and was used as a papistry, while others hold that its purpose was for a tower of defense. The poet Longfellow, drift- ing into the tide of the once popular opinion, has sung of it as follows:—

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was close at hand,
Stretching to leeward;
There, for my lady's tower,
Built the lofty tower
Which this very hour
Stands looking seaward."

"It is nowise unlikely," says Dr. Palfrey, "that eight or nine hundred years ago the Norwegian navigators extended their voyages as far as the American continent. Possessing the best nautical skill of their age, they put to sea in contraband ships having decks and well constructed rigging. Iceland they had undoubtedly reached and colonized; and from Iceland, Green- land, and Cape Farewell (the south- ern extremity of Greenland) to the nearest point on the American con- tinent in Labrador, the distance is no greater than the distance to Iceland from the point of departure in Norway. It is altogether credible that rovers who explored every sea, from the Baltic to the Aegean, should, by stress of bad weather, or by favor of good, have been conveyed a distance of only three or four days' sail from land to land."

"And from Labrador the exploration of as much more of the coast of North America as they might be disposed to visit would require only a coasting voyage." Historical evidence upon this subject has been published from man- uscripts composed of extracts of some eighteen writers, most of whom are Icelandic. In these is given an account of Northern adventurers making an im- portant discovery of land, upon which in course of time they formed a settle- ment. This settlement, which was called Vinland, was soon abandoned, but the place was visited from time to time until about the middle of the fourteenth century, at the end of which all com- munication between the two countries ceased. From the legendary descrip- tions given of the prominent objects along the coast, the lands discovered by these voyagers may have been in- cluded between Labrador, or New- foundland, and the southern coast of Rhode Island. It has been generally supposed that Vinland, where the prin- cipal settlement was made, was at what is now known as the vicinity of New- port in Rhode Island. But the materials to identify the spot are insufficient, and the statements concerning the climate and native inhabitants are con- trary to what is now known of the climate and aborigines of New England. The most important statement, and the one upon which the location of Vinland is assumed to be in Rhode Island, is one respecting the length of day at the former place at the time of the winter solstice. The sentence in which the statement is found contains two words, of whose indefinite meaning that experts, in endeavoring to determine the lat- itude of Vinland, have made it to be respectively in the tropics, Rhode Is- land, Newfoundland and Labrador, ac- cording to the translations given to two words; so nothing could be relied upon, except the fact of visits being

made to the American shores by Scan- dinavian voyagers during the eleventh and three succeeding centuries. Upon the supposed location of Vinland, how- ever, has been laid the claim of north- ern origin for the Old Stone Mill of Newport. Owing to the uncertainty of the location of the former place, as well as to the existence of other well authenticated facts, American histori- ans and antiquaries are dispelling this romance of the times. They are as- signing to it the unromantic origin of being built by an early English settler, for the office of a wind-mill.

No record exists of its being built by these settlers, but at the same time it is very probable that if they had found so peculiar a structure at their first coming, some mention would have been made of it. No such mention however can be found in any of the journals or records of that time. The earliest notice of it known to exist is in the will of Governor Benedict Arnold, of Newport, and dated 1677. In this he directs his body to be buried in a certain spot on his land, near the path from his dwelling house to his stone-bull wind-mill in the town of Newport. That the Old Stone Mill stands on what was once his land is a well known fact, and a tradition of the Arnold family, affirmed by a member who has died within the last ten or fifteen years, declares it to have been built by Governor Arnold. It has been known to have been used within the last century as a grist-mill, and after- wards as a powder-house. That it was used as a mill does not of course prove that it was built for that purpose; but very naturally, if the early settlers had found it there on their coming, they would have put a mill-wheel into it; but that the settlers did build a wind- mill as early as 1663 is a known fact, for it is found recorded in a journal of that date belonging to one of the first founders of Newport. In the same journal is found the following inser- tion under the date of 1675: "A storm blew down our wind-mill." It is a very natural supposition that Arnold sup- plied the place of this mill that blew down by a stronger one, which, two years afterwards, he calls his "stone- built wind-mill."

If Governor Arnold really did build the Old Stone Tower, why did he make it of such a peculiar shape, so unlike the prevailing style of his day? It is well known that Governor Arnold was somewhat unhappy in his relations with the Indians, and it is supposed by some that his object was to make it a stronghold of defense against them. But there is an additional reason, and probably the principal one, why he built the mill as he did. It is generally understood that the family of Arnold in Rhode Island came from Warwickshire in England, and at the date when the wind-mill built by the settlers was blown down Gov. Arnold was about 60 years of age. Being rich enough in this world's goods to be able to please his fancy, it is not unlikely that he built his stone mill in a peculiar style of architecture, in commemoration of some such one that he may have seen during his youth in the Old Country. This supposition is well supported by the following fact: In the parish of Chesterton, Warwickshire, England, is a wind-mill of exactly the same gen- eral construction as the Old Tower at Newport. The tower of this mill is built of square blocks of stone, upon the top of which is a dome-like wooden roof, and these rest upon six Roman arches supported by piers. These latter are square, except that they are curved on their inner and outer sides to the circular shape of the tower. Supposing the Newport tower to have been lost in time a course or two of stones from its uncovered top, its diameter and altitude would then be exactly the same as that of the Chesterton mill; and, as has already been stated, the former has had within the last century a hemispherical roof. The columns of the Newport Tower are circular in- stead of square, and the whole masonry is in a ruder style than that of the mill. This, however, would be ex- pected from the inferior skill and materials that a new settlement would afford. The mill at Chesterton was probably one of the curiosities of the neighbor- hood in which Arnold lived while in England, and in his latter days he sought to renew in the New Country the likeness of an object of his boyish admiration. Putting together all the facts presented to us by both sides, we would call this well-known edifice the Old Stone Mill.

PERSONAL WORK FOR CHRIST.

A mind to work in building up the kingdom of Christ is one of the es- sential elements of Christianity. As soon as the Holy Ghost breathes the new life into the child of God he has a heart which feels for the interests of others, and especially for their eternal well being. With an increase of love for Christ there is more love for man, and love ever acts for the good of its object. All this is clear and natural to

the new man in Christ. His hands and feet, his heart and tongue, his body and soul, are employed to make the Church stronger and to multiply con- verts.

It is thus with Christians, in what- ever situation they are, under the im- pulse of their first love. If young or old, rich or poor, in high office or none, they are impelled to personal Christian work, as they have oppor- tunity. They have a heart to give what money they can, according as God has prospered them; but they never think of making the money a substitute for labor.

Multitudes have backslidden for lack of perseverance in personal work for Jesus. Their graces have withered, through neglect; their strength has failed, for want of exercise. Oh that all would consider this! The Lord needs multitudes more of laborers, not theorists, to-day. The fields are now white to harvest. See them all around us! The heathen, far off and near; and the more enlightened, too, in our cities and villages, need constant help from live Christians.

Sir Edwin Landseer, near the end of his long and useful life, painted a little lamb lying beside a lion. How sweet the sight. The seraphic Isaiah tells us that, in a moral sense, such a time is coming. And it will come after many mighty personal labors in the spirit of Christ's example. W. SILVERTHORPE.

CAMP-MEETINGS FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

The numerous notices of camp-meet- ings (now cottage meetings) in our Church papers awaken memories of my first camp-meeting—now (*O tempo fugit!*)—forty-five years since. I had just then joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, had no previous acquaintance with Methodism and its usages, and indeed knew not whether it was one or one thousand years old—had never heard of John Wesley, John Calvin, or any other reformers; I knew only that this little Church, called Methodist, seemed to be alive, and took special notice of poor boys, and taught them how to be honorable and useful men. And so my young heart warmed towards them, and they put my name among the persons on trial. An old man, by the name of Potter, of small frame, but nervous and rapid in his utterances, used to come in from his farm in the country, to work for my master to whom I was an apprentice, to lay in his stock of shoes and boots for the winter. He was a hearty Methodist, and I remember he used to rise early in the morning, and engage in a season of secret prayer in the kitchen; and I am certain he had a hearing in the neighborhood, if no- where else. Well, this good old man, who had been in the war of 1812, and was engaged in the battle of Plattsburg, interested me greatly in his narration of scenes and incidents in the war; and then from the field of Mars the transi- tion was easy to Christian camps and battle grounds. He had faced the red- coats at Plattsburg, and the aliens at camp-meeting! Yes, this little sprig of a man had been to a camp-meeting.

How he rose in my veneration; how my heart thrilled and warmed under his vivid description of the scene—the woods, the cloth tents, the crowds of people, the zealous preachers, the ser- mons, the singing, the cries of the pen- itents, and the shouting. Yes, I must go to camp-meeting.

Well, I soon learned that a meet- ing of the kind was to be held in the town of Unity, about forty miles from my residence, and resolved to go. There were no palace cars running to Unity, without change, in 1829, but a fair road over Dixmont hills, and horses. I bargained for a horse, agreeing to pay in care for the owner's notes—mounted, bade adieu to friends, and started. I can recall but two excur- sions of equal interest since that Sep- tember morning—one when I went to be married, and the other when I sailed for Europe.

Night brought me to the ground; and what a scene it was to a stranger! The somber forest; the light flicker- ing upon the trembling leaves, from fires burning upon platforms raised upon poles, and constantly fed by the watchmen; the voices of hundreds joined in singing our grand old hymns (not the rhapsodical sheet music, misty and sensuous, which now floods the Church); the earnest prayers; the plain, pungent sermon—all together made an impression which time cannot obliterate.

The stand for preaching was a rough, shed-like structure, with one seat run- ning along the back, and underneath a place supplied with straw, where many of the preachers passed the night, and where I afterwards saw them on their knees in earnest prayer for the brother who, overhead, was calling sinners to repentance. No Swiss or French-roofed cottages graced the ground, but cloth tents instead, many of them constructed of bed-quilts sewed together, with straw for a flooring. Each tent brought the week's provision, ready cooked, and a table, set either in the tent or at the rear, accommodated the family, while the generous hospitality characterized the

whole. No money making, no nice corner lots for sale, no houses to let or sell. One object, and one alone, was kept steadily before the people—the salvation of the greatest number.

How distinctly, through the mist and haze of forty-five years, rise the forms of the preachers on that occasion. I should recognize the tones of their voices, heard now in the silence of mid- night. Benjamin Jones, short, rather thick-set, of dark complexion, about sixty-five, or may be sixty years of age—I see him now, with tears running down his cheeks, moving the whole assembly by a picture of the crucifixion; Oliver Beale, tall, straight as an arrow, thin, sharp-featured, a large mouth, from which issued a torrent of logic and per- suasive appeals; William Marsh, a man of natural ability equal to a Webster (I heard from him a sermon on the text, "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto His glory, why then am I yet judged a sinner?" which I thought then, and still think, was equal to any thing from the pen or lips of Robert Hall); Jeremiah, the brother of William, the weeping prophet; Daniel B. Randall, still living, then just commencing the work of the ministry (I recollect his sermon on that occasion, and thought it wonderful, and still retain the impression). The reader should bear in mind the previous cir- cumstances of the writer, to appreciate fully the impressions of a scene like this. He had been accustomed to watch, from the gallery of the church, the parson as he slowly read, page by page, his sermon, and to mark with in- creasing interest the gradual decrease of the manuscript in thickness on his right hand; and now, to see these men stand up with a little pocket Bible in their hands, not a note or scrap of paper before them, and pour forth by the hour a flood of eloquent pleading that melted and moved the masses, as the winds sway the forest trees, you will not wonder at his enthusiasm.

Asa Heath, Elisha Streeter, James Thwing, David Young, with others, fill up the picture. Every sermon was specific, pointed, and looked to immediate results. No reading of proxy essays, no critical, speculative exegeses, no ex- amination of the system or speculations of Comte, or Hegel, or Schlegel, or Ren- nan, or Huxley, or Darwin, or Tyndal (which always seems to say, "you see, my hearers, I am well read"). They took it for granted that this Gospel is true, and pressed it home with strong emotion and falling tears upon the con- sciences of their hearers. It was true eloquence; we heard no light, critical remarks upon the sermon; I never heard one saying to another, "very fine; but he raised his hand about six inches too high in that gesture, or he blew his nose—bad taste!" Bless you, reader, every body blew their noses, and wiped the tears from their cheeks, under those sermons. The prayer circle was often really awful in the manifestation of power.

The penitents, which came in flocks, were urged to submit at once, and be- lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ. It was not mere play, or a sort of an "O, be joyful occasion!" but a square fight, and a pronounced victory. No time was wasted; it was a week's work. Prayer-meetings in the tents at stated hours, when each company wrestled by and for themselves. All met together, the aged giving to the young the results of their long experience, and the young cheering the aged with warmth and fervor. No notices of a "young men's prayer-meeting" at such an hour, or a "young women's meeting" in such a tent, or "a mothers' meeting," or "a children's meeting" (*Fathers and aged people are now of no account!*)—no- thing to divide the interest or distract at- tention.

The order was perfect; it was a church for the time, and a Sabbath of a week's duration. No buying or selling; no hawkers of wretched religious dog- gery, in a voice like a peacock with a severe bronchial affection, illustrating his wares; no sellers of soda, ice-cream, candies and cigars; no speculators in corner cottage lots, with a religious tract in one hand and a "plan of the grounds" in the other; no sinful emu- lation in rearing the most elegant cot- tage on the grounds, and thus by this indulgence driving the poor from the grounds, as our church extravagances are expelling them from the churches. O, for a week of an old-time camp-meeting! I do not, I cannot attend these modern "watering places." They are good for bodily and mental relaxation for such as like them, but I would strap my knapsack to my shoulders, and gladly go it forty miles to wit- ness and enjoy a week like that at Unity forty-five years ago, where the primeval forest takes one in its arms; where one is not constantly annoyed by fashion's folly or the greed of gain; where the ear is not filled with the empty gossip of idlers, and the harsh click- click of croquet balls; where the unity of the Spirit is furnished in the bonds of peace, and "justification in Christ" has significance and importance.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.
The name of each subscriber is printed on the paper sent every week, and the date following the name indicates the year, month, and day to which it is paid. If this date does not correspond with the date when the paper is sent, the subscriber should notify the publishers immediately.

Postmasters and subscribers wishing to stop a paper, or change its direction, should be very particular to give the name of the post-office to which it has been sent, as well as the one to which they wish it sent.

Persons desiring to stop the paper should write to the office of publication, and be careful to forward the amount due for a subscriber is legally held as long as the paper may be sent, if the arrears remain unpaid.

Communications which we are unable to publish will be returned to the writer, if the request to do so is made at the time they are sent, and the requisite stamps are enclosed. It is generally advised to make this request at any subsequent time. Articles are frequently rejected, which, if condensed into half their space, we might be glad to use. Anonymous communications go into the waste-basket at once, unred.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1874.

It is due to the truth of history to say that other Presiding Elders have faithfully advocated the claims of ZION'S HERALD among their preachers and in the Churches, as well as the generous brother whose efforts have been already chronicled in our paper. An extended visit of our Publisher during the last fortnight in Maine, has been cordially welcomed. He found at district meetings and conventions the ministers in hearty sympathy with the HERALD, approving its management, and efficiently co-operating in securing its circulation.

One of the active pastors of the Providence Conference has already obtained fifteen new subscribers, and has not yet completed his work. Let him not be weary in well doing! The most grateful fact of all is the cordial interest and approval, manifested by acts and affirmed in many letters from all parts of New England, and from distant States where our paper circulates, with which the positions of the HERALD are received. We propose still to be loyal to the Church and her institutions, but to permit a generous liberty of opinion in our columns; to be distinct and frank in defense of Wesleyan doctrines, but to secure throughout our contributions the same courtesy that Christian gentlemen exhibit toward each other when engaged in conversation or public discussion.

We have a large number of communications on hand, acceptable in themselves, but their length delays their insertion. We must secure a proper variety in each issue. Our correspondents never place us under weightier obligations, both from the number and the excellence of their communications, than of late. Delay is no evidence of rejection. Most of these extended essays have said enough in them to preserve them until the favorable hour for their resurrection. Several will yet rejoice the eyes of their writers, in print, which have been supposed to have long since been consigned to oblivion and the paper-mill.

The Congregationalist with playful anxiety expresses its wonder at the marvels of time, in bringing about the strange fact that the occupant of Parson Cooke's pulpit in Lynn, Dr. S. R. Dennen, should be a very welcome correspondent of ZION'S HERALD. It pathetically cries out, "Shade of Parson Cooke! What are we coming to, when his successor in that famous pulpit commits such irregularities as this! Where is that 'Iron Wheel'?" Sure enough, where is it? The slow but certain wheels of time rolled the rigid but excellent high Calvinist into a common heaven, and rolled into his seat a most catholic spirited and admirable successor.

We touched an ancient Methodist, at the late meeting of the Evangelical ministers of Boston, and inquired if he ever heard richer or sweeter Arminianism than was dropping from the lips of Presbyterian, Baptist and Orthodox ministers, in the discussion of the subject of revivals? He thought the world had moved. That "Iron wheel" has certainly made several revolutions.

Such a death-scene as that of Dr. Eddy's is the most unanswerable apology for revealed religion that can be made. No argument or discourse can compare with it. His heart had not become weaned from active life by long sickness, nor were his bodily or mental powers weakened by protracted pain and confinement. In the very prime of his maturity, eager to work, loving his vocation, full of enthusiasm, surrounded by the sweetest and most tender earthly relations, even surprised at the announcement of approaching death, and arguing against its inevitable fact, and then, calmly settling his affairs, placed himself and his family upon the revealed promises of an unseen Saviour, and is filled with indescribable peace and joy. He bids his loving and weeping circle individually farewell, with an apostolic benediction, comforting them with the Gospel that sustained him; advances into the valley and shadow of death; he talks of what he sees and feels, with his friends by his bedside, as if he were walking by the sea-shore, or looking upon some charming landscape; he calls for a triumphant song as the gates open, and dies with a shout upon his lips.

Can the most advanced students of science hope for a calmer or sweeter exit from life than this?

THE EFFECTUAL AGENCY.

Many Churches are now considering the expediency of inviting evangelists to hold special services with them, and are turning their eyes out upon the field to discover men who are successful in drawing crowds to their revival meetings, and whose names, also, seem to be effectual in bringing persons to the inquiry seat and altar. The most popular men of this class are usually those that have some eccentricity of manner or matter about them, which excites public remark or attracts the curious crowd to the house of prayer. It may be violence of denunciation, or coarse humor, or rare descriptive powers; he may be endowed with a wonderful gift of song, or have a peculiarly pathetic style, full of melting incidents. God is a Sovereign; He calls whom He will into His vineyard to labor. He

is pleased to honor every variety of human instrumentality. Some of these roving evangelists have been evidently and eminently blessed with unequalled success in their irregular and ecclesiastically uncontrolled labors. Some of the most faithful pastors of the Christian Church have been, in periods of their lives, very useful evangelists, without local pulpits, working in connection with such Churches as sought temporary service at their hands. Such was Dr. Kirk for a considerable period before his settlement at Mt. Vernon Church; and a very efficient evangelist he was. Dr. Finney and President Mahan of Oberlin, for many years, performed most service of this description, during their vacations, annually, while still fulfilling their professional duties at the institution.

We have had fewer persons of this class in our Church, and they have been largely confined to the local relations. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have performed more of this service among us, and with more satisfaction, perhaps, than any other of these irregular laborers. Without eccentricity of either matter or manner, with great wisdom and earnestness, in hearty co-operation with our pastors, in the demonstration of the Spirit, and illustrating in life and temper the beauty of holiness, they have faithfully and successfully preached the Gospel to sinners, and in its power and breadth to believers. Some years ago, in portions of the country, Rev. James Coughy, in the use of remarkably plain, pointed, pungent, comprehensive, Scriptural discourses, awakened great public interest, and led many souls into the kingdom of God.

There has hardly been the occasion for evangelists in our Church that exists in others. The rapid changes in our ministry keep our gifts always fresh, and break up any tendency to monotony, and the weakening, through long familiarity, of a man's power to secure his hearers' attention. This constant interchange tends to keep up a lively interest in the Churches, and, by the natural variation in the modes pursued by different men, to arouse, after short periods, renewed interest in religious themes. The Methodist ministry was born in a great revival, and its whole body of discipline is arranged with a definite purpose of securing a perpetual reformation in the field of its operations. It is singularly guarded, where justice is done to all its spiritual agencies, from the natural reactions and self-deceptions attending seasons of strong religious excitement. Its admirable class and social meetings, where young converts may be properly instructed, receive the fresh but immature disciples into their nurturing bosom, feed them with the pure milk of the Gospel, and exercise them in all the gifts and graces of a holy life. Where revivals flow through these wholesome channels, the subjects of them grow up into mature men and women in Christ Jesus. Such agencies as these, Mr. Moody frankly asserted, were the great desideratum now in Scotland, to save the tens of thousands whose spiritual anxieties have been awakened, and whose trembling faith hesitatingly reposes upon Christ as a Saviour. For lack of a careful use of these quieter, educating means of grace, in the late special efforts in churches where the altar has been crowded for weeks, and remarkable exhibitions of religious fervor have been exhibited, at the end of six months scarcely a vestige of the effects of the spiritual tornado remains visible, either in converts, or in the condition of the Church; save that in the latter case the members have become somewhat sensation-hardened, and will require more powerful measures to arouse them again.

But why do we turn our eyes outside of the instrumentalities that we can control, in order to secure the result we desire? For what end is any pastor called to his work? and why do the Churches retain their organization and round of religious services? The fact that the local benefit to the Church is so small, comparatively, when the evangelist is called in, and that the apparent blessing is so soon exhausted, is certainly significant. The greatest and most effectual revivals are those that break out, inspired of heaven, in the heart of the Churches themselves. There is then no instrumentality to be removed. The whole moral force remains where it has worked out its benign results. God is not limited in His agencies. He can work with the grave, reliable, but hesitating-of-speech Moses, as well as with the eloquent, popular, but weak and applause-loving Aaron. The great, effectual, permanent Evangelist is the Holy Ghost. It is marvelous that the Church can constantly read the second chapter of Acts and still have such an helpless reliance upon secondary measures—men and modes. It is perhaps a form of spiritual indolence; a calling into the field of other men to do our own work. The Apostles and first disciples were powerless to evangelize until endowed with the Holy Spirit; then they had power with God and men. This divine Presence came not by accident, but was obtained by watching and prayer. The whole body united together in fervent petition; and this ability to touch men and win them to Christ was bestowed upon them. Until the pastor is prepared, with loving and strong desire for the salvation of men, to preach faithfully but tenderly to sinners, and the Church has set itself apart by prayer to enter upon the Master's work, and seek for, and pray with, the unconverted, help from without will be of little permanent service.

When pastor and copl are in this condition little external help will be required. It was well that, at the late interesting meeting of the evangelical ministers of this vicinity, held in the Melancon, an agreement was entered into to preach upon the divine personality of the Holy Spirit and His agency in revivals of religion. A general and genuine Church fast, with sincere and universal prayer for the descent of the Comforter upon all hearts, with confession and penitent re-consecrations, sealed, perhaps, by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, would secure such a baptism of the revival grace as has never before fallen upon the Church. It is affecting to know that the new disciples of Scotland are all praying for the outpouring of the Spirit upon America. When America heartily joins in this prayer the windows of heaven will be opened.

PANTING AFTER GOD.

In every soul there is an instinctive desire for God. The fact points to man's sinless creation, and proves the continued possession of glorious capabilities. Be glad, O earth-born one, that, despite the fall, thy nature is too nearly boundless to be satisfied with the things of time and sense. The happy convert sings,—

"My hope is full (O, glorious hope) Of Immortality!"

And yet his renewed nature, broadened and deepened by the experience already attained, feels the need of more, and earnestly he cries out,—

"Come, O my God; Thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God."

The real Christian never reaches the point where the ardent prayer of the apostle, offered in behalf of the Ephesian believers, will not be appropriate. He may know the love of God that passeth knowledge; he may be filled with God; he may be filled with the fullness of God; and still his constant, earnest prayer is to be filled with all the fullness of God. Such a soul may truly be said to be panting after God. It is an experience known and felt by Christians in all ages. Enoch knew what it was, and God took him to heaven to give him what he desired, after an earthly companionship of many years. The Psalmist felt it in his soul, and so deep and fervent was it that he could only compare himself to a hunted deer fleeing from his pursuers, and almost perishing for lack of the cooling and refreshing draught from the water brooks.

Blessed thought, that no soul thus longs for God in vain. In the best time, whether it be sooner or later, there will come to the heart such a revelation of God as shall banish every other presence, and the whole bodily temple will be irradiated with surpassing glory; then,—

"Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God,
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies."

THE ORIENT ADVANCING.

The Khedive of Egypt seems determined to take the lead in all oriental matters, and we are inclined to believe, is more honest in his attempts to suppress the slave trade in Upper Egypt than has been supposed to be. The latest news from his armies in this region is to the effect that his forces have been quite successful in the encounters with certain native chiefs, and have succeeded in breaking up and scattering several slave caravans, relieving the slaves in most instances, and bringing them to Lower Egypt, to work on the public enterprises as freedmen.

If the Khedive really intends to break up the slave trade on the Upper Nile he will soon be able to do so most effectively by the means he is at present adopting to send his troops thither. He is just now remarkably active in the line of railroads, and will soon have them a long distance up the river, as he now has them in abundance in and near the Delta. For besides the main lines from Alexandria to Cairo, Ismailia and Suez, the Delta itself is covered with quite a network of roads for local interests, which are now largely engaged in carrying cotton, grain and sugar. Some of the ancient cities are in this way receiving new life. For many years the famous Damietta has been a mass of neglected ruins, but it is now resuming its wonted activity of yore because of a railroad connection between it and the other towns of the Delta.

But by far the most important enterprise is the Upper Egyptian Road. It has just been opened at a point about half way between Cairo and the First Cataract, and daily trains now run from Alexandria over Cairo to this station in about fourteen hours. It will not be a great while before Assuan will be reached in twenty-four hours from Alexandria, and the ruins of Thebes the second day after landing at that port. This Nile road will be of triple importance to the Khedive; it will advance his commercial interests, his political projects, and above all, his efforts to civilize Upper Egypt and make it his. Central Africa can be most easily reached by the Nile Valley; and by this avenue the ruler of Egypt seems inclined to go there, in a way that will make him its master.

And the telegraph is keeping pace with the railroad; all the main lines are provided with it, and it is extended beyond some of them. The telegraph to Upper Egypt reached Assuan some time ago, and is now being extended to Khartoum. And the Sultan is just

now finishing his account in this enterprise. The cable tells us that the Nile inundation is unusually heavy this year, and likely to do a great deal of damage. The extension of the telegraph beyond the rail is largely on account of the annual inundations which are of so much importance to the agricultural interests of the country, and which need to be regulated on the Lower Nile by the state of the water in the upper stream. A knowledge twenty-four hours beforehand of the amount of water to be expected aids the irrigators, in regulating and preparing their sluices so as to distribute it evenly, and prevent it from doing damage by being confined. Since the fertility of the soil in all Egypt is dependent on the supply gained from that source, and especially on its equable distribution, it is a matter of no small moment to know just how it may be used; and in ancient times all sorts of arrangements were adopted with a view of hurrying information to the Lower river. The telegraph is just the thing for this exigency, and at present hourly messages are doubtless transmitted from points all along the stream to Cairo and Alexandria; these are closely scanned by land-holders, merchants, and the Fellahs, and turned to good account.

Egypt has also telegraphic connection with Europe by no less than three cables—one via Malta and Gibraltar, another over Zante and Otranto, and a third by Syria and Constantinople. This fact alone shows how strong is the tendency to harmonize Egypt with European development and progress.

The Khedive seems to have the most trouble with the press. There are several journals published in French, which cause him considerable annoyance by being a little too outspoken in regard to some of his projects; and the result has been suspension for some and suppression for others. This is done in virtue of the fact most forcibly expressed in the assertion quite often heard and well understood in the Orient, "the State is the Khedive, and the Khedive is Egypt." It is difficult for a ruler with his education and antecedents to govern in any other than an absolute way, though he has a so-called legislative body.

It is noticed of late that he drops the title of viceroy in preference for that of Khedive; for instance, the *Viceregal Post* has lately become the *Khedivial Post*. His intention to be independent of the Sultan is thus very evident, and in the present embarrassing situation of the latter in regard to the succession, it is no difficult matter. The son of the Khedive will be his successor, so that the alo is now considered hereditary in Egypt, and not dependent on the will of the Turkish potentate. It seems on the whole quite clear that Ismail Pasha has re-ins in his own hands, and is quite inclined to hold them in the interest of progress and civilization, and, moreover, that he is able to be a rule in the Orient more than any other potentate. He certainly is entitled to the credit of being an innovator, and does his work with spirit and boldness. He will deserve well of humanity if he succeeds in breaking up the abominable slave trade of Upper Egypt, even though he becomes a usurper to effect that object.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

The business of our Book Department was unusually interesting this year, chiefly because of the sudden and unexpected publication of a rival Hymn-Book. It is not sufficiently versed in the story of the events preceding and occasioning its appearance, to become responsible for any information respecting them. But the publication was pretty much like the explosion of a bomb-shell, in its effect upon the Book Committee and the Connection at large. It consisted of the old Hymn-Book and Supplement, with about three hundred additional hymns and a few chants and anthems. Many of the additional hymns have long been established favorites among all denominations, and undoubtedly possess very great merits. But many of them are in every respect inferior and unworthy. The new book is offered to the public at extremely low prices, and a promise to become a most formidable rival of our own, especially in our Sunday-schools. Our excellent steward, Dr. Johnson, who has wonderfully liberalized and improved Book-Room administration since his appointment, had the best legal authority for concluding that the publication of the new book was a violation of copyright; but two suits, one in the Rolls Court, and the other before Lord Justice of Appeal, James, were decided in favor of the rival publisher. Under these circumstances, the Committee at once set about considering the propriety of having a new authorized Hymn-Book of our own. This was soon agreed upon, and a sub-committee appointed to prepare the draft. It was decided to publish the first 539 hymns pretty much as they stand in the present Book; both because of its proved value as a manual of private and domestic devotion, and because of its historic interest as "John Wesley's Hymn-Book." This decision has been all but unanimously endorsed by the Conference and the Connection generally. The present Supplement is to be abandoned; and a new one will be issued, containing, first, about one hundred Psalms, to be selected from the most approved version; secondly, the best and most popular hymns in our present Supplement; and thirdly, a large and liberal selection of modern hymns from the best authors. These hymns will, I hope,

be classified so as to admit of the easy selection of appropriate hymns for special occasions. The great defects of our present Book are the too exclusive experimental nature of nearly the whole of it, so as to unfit it for general public worship; and the want of careful and comprehensive classification. These defects will doubtless be remedied in the new publication. It has also been agreed to publish the new Supplement separately for awhile. This will greatly facilitate its introduction into congregational worship, and obviate much of the objection that would have been felt to the cost of a perfectly new Hymn-Book for the whole Connection. The price also is to be low enough to "defy competition." The most incorrect and exaggerated views have prevailed among our people as to the reputed costliness of Book-Room literature. It was demonstrated to the Conference that, taking all things into account, our Book-Room is the cheapest of English publishing houses; and the steward assures us that he can afford to do yet more, in the direction of cheap Hymn-Books, especially than has yet been attempted.

A scheme for the formation of a Sunday-school Union for our own Connection, was adopted by the Conference, on the recommendation of the Committee by whom it had been prepared. The particulars of the scheme are published in the new volume of Minutes, and the Education Committee is anxiously occupied with its inauguration. Early in October some public and tangible form is likely to be given to the project; and that will be the suitable time for fuller information respecting it.

We have hardly yet got into the regular swing of Connectional routine work. Brethren are not quite "shaken down" in their new circuits; others, perhaps, are getting a little of that leisure which most of us need so much, but which is doled out to English Wesleyan ministers in very infinitesimal doses. The Connectional Committees, with about two exceptions, have yet to hold their initial sessions for the year's work, so that in Methodistism, as in London society, this may be called "the dull season;" and there is little to report.

I had the opportunity just after writing my last letter to you, of visiting Paris, and attending the anniversary services of our Missionary Society at Rue Rouquie and Anisieres. The impression made by the aspect of the congregations is not very cheering. They are suggestive of "the day of small things," yet there is a decided improvement in the attendance within the last three years. Should French politics and society assume greater stability and security, no doubt a much larger influx of British-speaking visitors and residents will follow. In the latter class, especially, the siege and the commune brought about a very great diminution; and the proceedings of the Marshal-President's Cabinets, and the so-called Conservatives of the Assembly generally, have not tended to increase confidence among foreigners. Should things revert to the serenity of a few years ago, probably the English population will increase; and we are not unlikely to obtain our share of that increase.

The proceeds of the services were out of all proportion in excess of what could have been anticipated; and one or two English Wesleyans have taken up residence in Paris—men of enterprise, zeal and intelligence. At Chantilly, where we have a beautiful little chapel, our work is all but a failure. The chapel was erected prior to the German invasion, at a time when one or two ladies' schools were established at Chantilly. But the war broke these up, and there has been no attempt to revive them. Doubtless you know that Chantilly is the English Newmarket; and our present compatriots inhabiting this pretty town are chiefly grooms and jockies. You may judge what success we are likely to have among such a set. I can conceive of no "raw material" in the shape of human nature less hopeful. Yet, imbruted, ignorant, "horsey," as the English colony is, it contrasts in one respect favorably with its Gallic neighbors.

Once spent an hour in the cemetery at Chantilly, and carefully inspected the tombstones with which it is crowded. With here and there an exception—a very rare one indeed—there was not one inscription that betokened anything better than despairing sorrow for the dead. No hope in the life to come; no hint of the mercy of God; nothing but "eternal regrets," "everlasting farewells," and kindred phrases, met the eye. Occasionally—very occasionally—the usual "pray for the soul," or "may he" or "she rest in peace," might be read. But the abiding and predominant impression was of the mischief wrought by the pestilential influence of Voltaireism and infidelity. There was about one corner, however, set apart for English graves, of which perhaps there were ten or a dozen, each with its neat and pretty headstone. And here the reverse scene was seen. Every inscription spoke more or less of trust and hope. I shall never forget the brightness that lit up my soul at the sight of such sentiment in the midst of the forlorn and despairing Paganism whose shadow had so darkened it. And you need hardly be told that it was with moistened cheek, and chastened, though heightened joy, that I recognize the mercy which had cast my lot among a people to whom our Saviour Christ had brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel. I ought, in justice to the French, however, to say that I was most agreeably surprised the very day after to see the prevalence of Christian sentiment and hope on the mortuary inscriptions of the Pere la Chaise.

There is much good work going on in Paris. Englishmen and Scotchmen are conspicuously and successfully employed among the *ouvrier* population, doing blessed service in the very headquarters of the Commune. Mr. McAll, in Montmartre, has won in a marvelous degree the confidence of multitudes among the Red Republican sections of the population; and many conversions have rewarded his self-denying efforts. He lives in the midst of the dangerous quarter, holds services, visits the sick, sets up Christian schools, and has been made an extensive blessing.

Our own French work in Paris appeared to me even feebler and less promising than the English one. "Little among the thousands of Israel" must, I fear, be accepted as the motto of French Methodist altogether. Yet it has done a good work in its time. Whatever of evangelical truth and spiritual life exists in the Reformed Church is chiefly due, under God, to Methodist influence; and its most pious and devoted pastors were converted by the ministry of Charles Cook, or of his early converts. And, by the way, that Church has no small need of, and claim upon, the sympathies and prayers of all Protestants. She has maintained her fidelity to Christ and His Gospel, at the cost of fully one-third of her pastors, officers, and Churches. Feeble enough, in all conscience, before she has been now "minished and brought low" indeed. And, in her extremity, it has pleased God to deprive her, almost at one blow, of the counsels of perhaps her three greatest and most precious men—de Trigueux, de Pontalis, and Guizot. Here is the touching lament of its official organ:—"What treasures of art, of philanthropy, of political and scientific talent! What a lot of fruitful imagination, ingenious goodness, indomitable will! What an ensemble of grace, of intelligence, of charity, of glory! And death in a few months, it may be said in a few days, has destroyed all! Thought remains silent before such a mass of ruins!" May He who, while burying His workmen, carries on His work, restore to the afflicted but devoted remnant "the years which the canker-worm hath eaten!"

I see your printer has mis-spelt the Christian name of my friend, the Secretary of the Conference, now, by the way, in Canada. His name is not "Sewall," but "Gervase" Smith.

YOUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

NEW YORK LETTER.

It is impossible to convey in words any adequate idea of the solemn and impressive funeral services at St. Paul's Church, on Friday last, where the friends of Dr. Eddy were gathered to pay their last tribute of respect. Excepting the seats reserved for the mourners, Church officials, and other near friends, the edifice was filled to repletion long before the appointed hour. The mournfully draped pulpit, the funeral perfume of the white flowers, and the vast concourse of people who silently and sadly waited, were all suggestive of death. Many gray-haired men were there—honored, heroic men, who had bravely fought the battles and borne the burdens of Methodistism, and now, with bowed forms and tottering steps, they had come to bury one of the worthiest of their successors. As they looked for the last time on his noble form and thought of the voice that was ever like the trumpet call, now silent forever here, did they not ask, as we often ask in regard to God's providence or permittings, Why do we linger here, while he and others like him are snatched away, when the world seems to need them so much?

The scene was most impressive as the procession moved up the aisle, Rev. Dr. Tiffany, who preceded the remains, reciting the Scriptures appointed for the dead. But as the choir sang,

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon,"

we felt that that cannot be wholly sad about which we can sing; and that even while our hearts are oppressed with a sense of our great loss, and full of sympathy for the bereaved ones, we yet may say,

"Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged path to death, to break those bars
Of error and of sorrow Nature throes
Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our path from every storm."

The services were very interesting, although lengthy. Both Bishops James and Simpson looked worn and feeble, and they spoke with tender, trembling emotion; yet their words were eloquent, earnest, and hopeful.

An incident that touched all hearts, and caused the tears to spring to many eyes, was the leading to the place of the venerable Dr. Durbin, the "old man eloquent," the father of our Missionary Society. He is very feeble, and seems to be fast nearing his heavenly home.

The eloquent address by Dr. Schaaf was very long, and except in its opening, seemed hardly appropriate to the occasion, his subject being, "The Union of Protestant Societies of Christians."

heaven that we may almost say, "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

"No earthly clinging—
No lingering gaze—
No strife at parting—
No sore amaze;
But sweetly, gently,
He passed away
From the world's dim twilight
To endless day."

J. Q. MAYNARD.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The statue of Lincoln, by Larkin G. Mead, which stands upon a pedestal of the monument erected to his memory, and containing his body and that of his favorite little "Tad," in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., was unveiled, with imposing ceremonies, last Thursday. President Grant, Vice President Wilson, Gen. Sherman, and a great body of men well known in public life were present on the occasion. The President's son, Robert, was also in the company; his widow, who is residing in Chicago, was too feeble to attend. It is a bronze statue, bearing an excellent and easily recognized likeness of the familiar features of the beloved President. In one hand he holds the Proclamation of Freedom; in the other, the pen that wrote it. The whole monument, made of Quincy granite, forms a very imposing and agreeable structure, and has cost \$250,000—a worthy memorial for a country honored by the life of so noble a man to raise to his memory. The most striking speech of the occasion, although a might be expected, the shortest, was that of President Grant. It was powerful, one of the longest, with the exception of his messages, that he has made since entering upon public life. It bore the highest tribute to the memory of the great President, speaking in unqualified terms of his wisdom, patience, courage, confidence in the final result of the civil war, and abiding trust in the Providence of God. He spoke of the quiet heroism with which President Lincoln bore the flood of obloquy which was poured upon him, and closed with these impressive words: "To know him personally was to love and respect him for his great qualities of head and heart, and for his patience and patriotism. With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he entrusted command, and the treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint nor cast a censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest head; in his death the South lost its most just friend."

The fine home which has been in construction on Warren Street, under the direction of the Young Women's Christian Association of Boston, was opened for occupation, with appropriate services, last Thursday evening. The Society was formed in 1866. It first had rooms in the Congregational Building on Chauncy Street; then was removed to Beach Street, and now occupies a spacious home, costing, with lot, over one hundred thousand dollars, with accommodations for 190 persons, including matrons and assistants. Fifty-two rooms have already been furnished by the gifts of individuals. A debt of about sixty thousand dollars still encumbers the property. The object of this association is to provide a temporary Christian home for young women of good character, while sliding positions, or to offer a permanent residence, under the most wholesome influences, at reasonable prices, to young women from the country, engaged as clerks in stores in the city, or as students of art, or as school teachers. More than 3,000 hours have been thus accounted for, the sick have been kindly cared for, and the afflicted cheered. Thirty lady managers bless themselves while they devote their services unremunerated, save by the benediction of heaven, to the care of this interesting and invaluable institution. Rev. Mr. Butler, of the Bible Society, in a happy speech at the opening, said, the best illustration which the age presented of perpetual motion was one of these lady managers of a charitable society! She not only was in perpetual motion herself, but she kept other people pretty well stirred up around her, in her applications for aid to keep her machine running. God bless them! Woman was made to be a ministering angel.

The *Christian Register* of October 17 gives a long extract from a discourse of Rev. C. W. Wendte, giving an account of his visit to the chapel of Spurgeon, and his hearing of Sunday evening lecture by Bradburn. It is now on his way to entertain audiences in this country with his political and infidel lectures. Of the great Baptist divine he speaks with the utmost generosity, and with remarkable appreciation for one of Unitarian views. He was struck with the frankness, simplicity, downright honesty and earnestness of this Gospel preacher. "Once," he says, "he rose into a strain of real sublimity, when he spoke of the witness of the Spirit, as shown by its power of transforming and inspiring men of rude and coarse natures into apostles of life and truth to their neighbors—a feeling allusion to himself which was very effective and touching." When he spoke of the dark and hard paths of life in which the Father came and helped men with comfort from above, Mr. Wendte says, "all over the house people were crying, and this witness is not ashamed to confess that he was one of them." Of the whole effect upon the audience he says, "how they did listen! with smiles and tears and nodding approval."

Bradburn's lecture he says he has been filled with shame to confess that he had been in such a scene of disorder and tumult, although women were present; "it seemed more like a beer-garden than a gathering for scientific and religious inquiry." Mr. Wendte was chiefly struck with Bradburn's immense personal conceit, and the flippant and unworthy levity and arrogance with which he helped to ridicule what he styled the inconsistencies and absurdities of the New Testament. He says of him, "that his influence in British politics is not what he and his admiring friends suppose it to be; his ungoverned and harsh methods of treating his opponent, as well as his personal conceit, are things to be deplored and discountenanced by those who profess to be Christians. Will it be done when he reaches this country to enter upon his lecturing tour?"

Last Thursday at noon, by invitation of the students of the Theological School of Boston University, Henry Ward Beecher addressed them for about half an hour. The chapel of the school was filled, a number of visitors being present, although no public announcement had been made. His address was every way admirable. It was less humorous, perhaps, than usual, although his happy points kept up a constant response of pleasant appreciation and intellectual excitement on the part of the young ministers. He opened with a short reference to the impertinent philosophical dogmatism and scientific cant of the present day, and the folly of devoting the pulpit to intellectual responses to the challenges of the scientists. He urged, with great earnestness, the reaching of the intellect through

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, November 1.

Lesson V. Mark xi, 12-14, 19-24.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

THE FIG TREE WITHERED.

Leader. 12 And on the morrow, when they were come from Bethany, he was hungry.

School. 13 And seeing a fig-tree afar off having leaves, he came, if haply he might find any thing thereon;

L. And when he came to it he found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet.

S. 14 And Jesus answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever. And his disciples heard it.

L. 19 And when even was come, he went out of the city.

S. 20 And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots.

L. 21 And Peter calling to remembrance said unto him, Master, behold, the fig tree which thou cursedst is withered away.

S. 22 And Jesus answering said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith.

S. 24 Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.

The journey from Jericho had ended at Jerusalem in a kindly ovation. Jesus rode into the city surrounded by an enthusiastic multitude, who spread garments and palm branches before Him, in token of their loyalty and willing submission to His authority. This was on Sunday. That afternoon Christ entered the Temple enclosure, amid the hosannas and rejoicings of the vast procession, surveyed it with the majestic air of one appointed to rule, witnessed its abominations, and as the evening drew on retired with His disciples to Bethany. Bethany was two miles away to the eastward, over the brow of Olivet. Here they passed the night, most probably at the house of Lazarus.

On the morrow—on Monday, the day following the triumphal entry into the city,

He was hungry. Christ passed through all human experiences, except conscious guilt. He had evidently left Bethany without partaking of food. The reason may be found in Luke xxi, 38. His fidelity to His work consumed Him.

And seeing a fig tree. This tree stood right in His path (Matthew xxi, 19). From afar it held out to Him an invitation to come and eat its fruit; that invitation was given by its leaves. The habit of the fig tree are peculiar. They blossom and bear fruit before they put forth leaves. The leaves therefore are a public pledge of fruit. This tree gave Christ the pledge that He might find on its branches a morning meal. Accepting the invitation He approached it, seeking what it promised.

He found nothing but leaves. The tree lied. It flouted its signals to the hungry Messiah, and when He came to it it had nothing but the signals to give.

For the time of figs is not yet. Three kinds of figs grow in Palestine. The first ripens its fruit in the latter part of June, the second in August, the third much later. Christ came to this tree about the first of April, two months before the ripening of the early figs. By showing its leaves at this unnatural period this tree put forth claims to surpass all other trees of its kind. It made hypocritical pretensions to superiority.

No man eat fruit of thee. This language carried with it destroying power, for the tree began to wither at once (Matthew xxi, 19). This act of Christ has given rise to many foolish sayings on the part of skeptics and fault-finders. It has been said He destroyed property, cursed an inanimate object, was passionate and vindictive. All such objections are the cavillings of idle and curious minds that fail to grasp the deep things of God. This whole scene is symbolic, and intended primarily for the instruction of the disciples, though it reaches even us with its important lessons. For aught we know this tree had been providentially prepared for this very purpose. Nature, however, is often guilty of strange freaks in clothing vegetation with blossoms out of season. It matters not how it came to pass; the tree could teach by symbol, but it could not be responsible as a moral and rational agent. Christ's whole attitude toward the tree was symbolic of His attitude toward something else that was responsible, and it is this that we are to discover and improve upon. There is no interpretation given by Christ Himself of the meaning of this act, unless we associate it with the parable recorded in Luke xiii, 6-9. But it is not difficult to see its lesson, if we interpret it in the light of His other teachings. This tree symbolizes the Jewish nation. The time for the full fruits of the Spirit had not yet come. These were to appear at Pentecost. The Jews should have made no pretensions to such fruits until the Messiah came. Other nations did not; they did. Alone they stood forth in the path of history, and hypocritically flung out, even in the face of Jesus, the signals of holiness. They claimed to have the full fruits of piety, so that the Son of God Himself should be satisfied. He came, but alas, found nothing but pretensions. And in the presence of His disciples He prophetically declared their fate by the cursing of the tree, which prophecy we see to-day fulfilled in the world over. The dry and dead tree of Judaism is a standing fulfillment of this symbolic act. We get no Christian fruits from that accursed people, and shall not until the last days of Mess-

anic glory. Instead, therefore, of injustice or vindictiveness, Jesus was only displaying His judicial power, and manifesting His abhorrence of hypocrisy and spiritual pretension. How good in Him to take a tree rather than a man. He never smote a human being to teach the awful lessons of judgment and judicial wrath, but He has smitten the life of vegetation to its very roots. The lesson comes with awful warnings to us. It teaches us to be actually holy, for pretension will not save a soul in the last dread hour, when Jesus comes seeking fruit in our hearts and lives. Christian profession must be attended by that which we profess, or it will only minister to us deeper damnation.

And when the even was come. That very day He began to visit those fearful experiences on the Jews which He had symbolized in the morning by cursing the fig tree. He cast them out of His Temple with holy wrath. The very roots of the nation felt His curse before the evening. At even He left the city again for Bethany.

And in the morning—Tuesday—the disciples express astonishment at the withered tree as they pass. Root and branch had felt the curse of Christ. How complete the ruin! How perfect the desolation of Israel! How significant of the horrors of the second death! Peter calls the attention of Jesus to the leafless corpse—literally, "Rabbi, see!" Jesus responds with another lesson, as Jesus responds with the instructions of the symbolic act itself.

Have faith in God. This was a warning and a rebuke. Peter's astonishment at the miracle indicates a lack of confidence in the divine power, or at least a failure to apprehend its limitless possibilities. Jesus would fain impress upon him that all things are possible with God, and, furthermore, all things were possible with them through God if faith failed not.

For verily I say unto you that whosoever. These passages are liable to misconception, so as to minister to fanaticism. These promises are to be taken with qualifications. They were spoken to the disciples, who had a special mission. That mission required miraculous evidences to give it success. Obstacles stood up before them like the mountains round about Jerusalem. Jesus sought by every means to increase their faith in His power and purpose to aid them in accomplishing their work. He would strengthen them by tangible tokens of His omnipotence, and point them to the conditions through which it would be given. The lesson is simply this: anything is possible to you, through faith, which God requires you to do. Christ does not mean anything is possible to mat, if he will only believe. Such a principle opens wide the flood gates of fanaticism. If man is doing God's will anything is possible to him, if his faith fails not. Two qualifications therefore enter into this promise: first, that God approves the thing to be done, and that man knows it, and fully trusts Him to do it. The knowledge of God's approval of specific accomplishments is the result of definite promise in the Word, or of special revelations of the Holy Spirit. We know God favors the gift of holiness, and therefore whatsoever of holiness we seek we shall obtain, if we believe with a faith that is genuine. But without specific revelations we do not know that God wills to us wealth, health, life, or any other temporality, and faith for such things, without the aforesaid condition, only proves our want of submission rather than extra piety. If God desires us to have these things in answer to prayer, He will doubtless let us know it, and thus give a foothold for faith. Any other interpretation of these passages binds Jehovah, and seats us on the throne of the universe. It puts God, willing or not, in the hands of His creatures. It makes the divine wisdom subject to the shifting fancies of an inferior judgment by an immutable law, and thus makes the Deity simply a machine to work out man's wishes. Faith never will pass into fanaticism if we say, with Jesus, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

Berean Lesson Series, November 1.

From the Notes.

- 1 What took place on Sunday?
- 2 Where did Christ pass the night?
- 3 Where did He go Monday morning?
- 4 Why was He hungry?
- 5 What does it show concerning Him?
- 6 Where did this fig tree stand?
- 7 Why did He go to it for food?
- 8 When did figs ripen in Palestine?
- 9 Was Jesus deceived by the tree?
- 10 Had He any right to curse the tree?
- 11 Did He show a bad spirit in it?
- 12 Why did He curse it?
- 13 What warning does it give us?
- 14 Was not the tree used for a good purpose?
- 15 What did Christ do in Jerusalem that day?
- 16 Where did He go that night?
- 17 What did the disciples see the next morning?
- 18 How were they affected?
- 19 What did Jesus tell them?
- 20 To whom were they to pray?
- 21 What was necessary on their part?
- 22 Can we have anything we ask for?
- 23 What must always be understood in this promise?
- 24 What does any other interpretation lead to?

The Family.

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AFTER SUNSET.

BY KATIE WILLOWS.

Warble, sweet bird, by my window tonight;
Sing your soft lay in the blossoming June,
With never a care nor a sorrow to blight,
And never a soul to find words for the tune.

Happy art thou, with no future to dread;
Safe on the bough, with thy little ones three,
With never a thought to make thee afraid
Of trials and crosses which come unto me.

Soon days will come chilly, cold and severe;
Then thou wilt leave me, thy little song done;
And when thy sweet notes I listen to hear,
Thou'lt be far away, in the land of the sun.

I must live on in a region of snow;
Frosts of life's winter will whiten my hair;
Yet I was once, in the Spring long ago,
Merry like thee, and with never a care.

I must live years where thou hast lived days;
Then wilt come rest, in the sun-lands of God,
Fainter than ever thy poor sight will see—
Green fields undying, where man never trod.

ONLY A FEW DROPS.

BY ELMER LYNNIE.

"Don't, Hal! don't; there's a good fellow!"

"Don't what?" inquired Hal, holding up the ruby colored glass in which were a few drops of wine of the same bright tint. "Do you mean I'm not to drink this little scrap of wine?"

"It's precious little, too. I only wish there was more of it—hardly worth sipping to; but

"Here's to my wine;
Drink it down! drink it down!"

"Stop," said Larry; "a few drops more. It is the small quantity in the beginning that makes the drunkard in the end. If you had such a remembrance haunting you as I have, making me old before my time, you would wonder that I am in earnest."

And the boy's serious, careworn face fairly glowed as he spoke. "As far back as I can remember I think of my home with dread. As my mother has often told me, father commenced, as you would to-day, taking the few drops that were left in the glasses at home, after a dinner party. No thought of being a drunkard ever entered his mind; but, Hal, he used to come home, night after night, so wild and beside himself that I frequently ran out of the way to hide. I was too small to be any protection to mother, who received many a blow that my blood boils to think of now. Finally he died; and I felt such a relief when I thought he could not strike mother or me any more! Hal, I would rather cut off my right hand than follow in his footsteps!"

"Well, Larry," said Hal, who was devotedly attached to his friend, replacing the glass on the table as he spoke, "have your own way about it. I scarcely wonder you feel as you do; but it is difficult for me to have the same convictions, for my father has taken wine ever since I can remember, and I never saw him drunk in my life."

"I know, Hal, there are some who escape; but how many fall. We might, you know, be numbered among the last. As for me, I intend to fight intemperance wherever I find it, and I wish I could count on you to help me."

"I don't know, Larry, as I was ever made to do much fighting; I am rather lazy naturally—India, you know. But the bell rings for recitation; 'fly!' and away he went like a flash."

They were college students, just entered, with a name to win or lose. Both had talent. Hal was quick-witted and brilliant, readily absorbing any subject from his text books during his study hours. His father was a rich, retired East India merchant, whose residence was quite near the college, and who endeavored to give this only son every advantage. Hal was the pride and delight of his heart; and, in fact, his ready wit and easy good nature made him a general favorite.

Larry came from a distance. His mother, though not wealthy, by using some economy, supported herself and son very comfortably. This son became Hal's most intimate friend. They had prepared for college at the same school, and Hal delighted in his strong, decided character.

They both passed through college, and graduated with honors. Then came the breaking up of old ties and associations. Larry returned to the West, to pursue his studies in a lawyer's office. After being entered at the bar he rose rapidly. Clients came to him from far and near. They learned, on dealing with him, that even a lawyer could be honest. Finally, his fame as a lawyer and a temperance man, for temperance was becoming a popular subject, brought him the Legislature, and without any free drinks on his part, to carry favor, he was victorious by a large majority.

As he went up to the capitol, to take his seat, crowds awaited the train at every depot. As he was stepping from the cars, where a carriage awaited him, at his destination, among the crowd was one poor, intoxicated man, who cheered him as he alighted, and called him "Larry," in a familiar way. Larry was quite overcome on beholding his former friend, Hal, but determined not to rest until he had rescued him. He soon regained his old influence over him, and he had the satisfaction at last of seeing him an honor to his country.

ABOUT SILK-WORMS AND SILK-MAKING.

BY MRS. E. L. WOOD.

LITTLE READERS:—Do you wish me to tell you what I know about silk-worms, and silk-making?

Yes, yes! I think I hear you say; so I will proceed.

When I was a very little girl, nearly all the farmers in a little town in Connecticut bought some small trees, called mulberry trees, and set them out to grow.

In the Spring the trees put out a great many small shiny, yellow green leaves, in shape very much like a fig-tree leaf.

But what have the rees to do with silk-making? asks Maria. Be patient, and you shall see.

The next Fall a man came with some very small white and straw-colored eggs, about as large round as a small pin-head, but nearly flat. They were laid upon sheets of white paper, to which they adhered as closely as if put on with mastic.

In the Spring they were brought from the dark place where they had been kept all winter, and put in a warm, light room. In a few days the eggs began to fill up, and become plump, and turn dark; and to my surprise and disgust (for I dislike worms) out came little worms; some wet white, and others so dark a green as to look black.

My mother was delighted, and ran out to the mulberry trees, and picked some of the little tender leaves, and laid on the paper with the worms and eggs. The worms crawled to the leaves, and began to eat of the pulpy parts, leaving all the little veins, and forming as perfect skeleton leaves as your mother or sisters can form for their skeleton bouquets.

Every day, for nearly five weeks, the worms were fed with the leaves of the mulberry trees. It was a lively time, I can tell you, for every boy and girl, besides men and women, were out with wallets tied around their waists, picking leaves to feed the worms. The small boys and girls would go out on the small branches, and to the top of the trees, to gather the leaves, while the larger ones would stand on ladders, or climb into the lower and stronger branches.

Maria asks what the wallets were made of, and how they were made. They were made of the strongest cloth they could find, and cut like a long kitchen apron, tied around them, and the bottom turned up and sewed, so as to form a deep, large bag. This they filled with leaves for the worms to eat. The worms grew larger every day, until they were as large or larger than a lady's little finger, and eat more and more until they had attained their growth.

These worms do not crawl, like some, but have sixteen legs, eight on each side. The six forward ones are hooked at the bottom, by which they hold on to twigs of trees. If you were to see one of these worms you would notice nine little holes on each side. Through these it draws in the air for breathing; the same as you use your nose.

When a few days old it throws off its old skin, and has a new one, which it wears but four days, and then it tries another one. So it does, until it has had four skins. The silk-worm is a very hungry creature; it eats nearly all the time for thirty-two days, when it begins to show signs of having had enough; and, instead of eating, it begins to spin out a fine gummy liquid, which hardens when it comes to the air, and makes a fine strong thread.

The liquid comes through two long slender tubes, one of which is attached to each side of a bag containing the fluid, and lying a little below the mouth. So, you see, the worm has been eating for no other purpose than to sustain itself just for the present time, but for the future, as you will see very soon.

When it wants to spin its cocoon it begins to hunt around for a bush or twig to hang its thread upon. Accordingly, the boys go to the woods and cut some bushes, and bring them home and place them on the shelves with the worms.

They are not very long in crawling to them, and at once they begin to build a house for a long nap. The first thing they do is to throw a small, but strong flossy thread across a leaf, fastening each end. This is a sort of roof, or outside covering. Inside these coarse threads, they begin to spin finer and finer threads, bending their heads and curling their bodies, so as to cross the threads every way, to make a protection against the wind and cold.

To make their house still more secure, inside these two coverings they make another, more delicate and close than the others; this one is so tight as to keep out the damp and rain.

In this little tight, snug house, which we call a cocoon, the worm spins out until it exhausts all the liquid from its sack, and then it falls to sleep. Here it lies in its quiet home—a home provided by its own exertions—as if dead; but it is not dead.

In this little ball it changes, and is no more a worm, but becomes a chrysalis; and finally it becomes a pretty white miller, and in about three weeks it bursts the pointed end of the cocoon, and comes out fluttering its little wings, as if in a hurry to fly away—which it never does. It crawls in a very lively manner around and upon the top of its house, which is about as large as a pigeon's egg; and finally it meets a companion, and becomes quiet, and after laying a great many eggs for another crop of worms, it dies.

I have now told you what I know about the silk worm. In my next I will tell you about silk making. If I tell you in this, I fear your kind Editor will think it too long.

SHELLING PEAS.

Passing by the kitchen,
Through an open door
I spy three children
Sitting on the floor.

Through the open window
Comes the morning breeze,
Fanning them so gently
While they shell the peas.

Little eyes are busy,
Little fingers, too,
Picking all the peas out
Soon as brought to view.

They are free and happy
As birds upon the trees,
Laughing, talking, singing,
While they shell the peas.

Baby's dish has in it
Naught but pods, 'tis true;
But she's just as busy,
And as happy, too.

They must learn to labor;
Little ones like these
Should have some employment;
Let them shell the peas.

Up at early morning,
By the break of day,
All their work done early,
They'll have time to play.

Children are so happy
When they try to please,
They do much to help us
While they shell the peas.

MAMIE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

BY NELKIE ANDREWS.

The sun's warm rays, creeping around the corner of the low yellow house, and in at the window of the little room where Mamie slept, awakened her. She arose quickly, and going to the window, exclaimed,

"What a beautiful day! My birthday, too!"

And her heart gave a little bound of delight; but it fell again as the wish, that had been uttered many times during the week past, came to her lips—

"I do wish I could have a birthday present."

Little Mamie had read and heard about children having pretty presents, and it wasn't strange that on this, her birthday, she should long to taste the pleasure, just once.

Mamie's mother would gladly have gratified this wish, but the few pennies must all be saved for the necessities of life. After breakfast she said,

"Mamie, if you will gather a peck of cowslips and sell them in the village, you shall have the money to get you a birthday present with. I think you can get sixteen cents for them."

Sixteen cents, all her own! How rich she felt!

It was yet quite early in the forenoon, when, basket in hand, she was skipping along toward the village. She felt as happy as the birds. Children passed her, richly dressed, but she envied them not. The first thing that attracted her attention was a pair of scissors in a store window—the very thing she wanted; so she ran in and asked the price.

"Sixteen cents."

Telling the man she would come and get them soon, she trudged on.

"Would you like some cowslips this morning?" was repeated at many doors, with always the reply, "I guess not," or "I have just bought some."

On and on she went; her feet were tired, and her arm ached, but the vision of the shining scissors cheered her. The sun scorched her cheeks; but on she went, up one street and down another, until noon, when, completely discouraged, she started for home. Passing a store she saw a good-natured looking man behind the counter, and hardly knowing why she did so, she stepped in and asked him to buy her cowslips.

"This is a clothing store, little girl; a strange place to sell cowslips, is it not?" said he.

"O, sir, it is my birthday, and mother said I might have the money for these cowslips to get me a present with. I am so tired; won't you please buy them?"

How could he help it? He emptied them on the counter, and gave her the sixteen cents.

She forgot that she was tired, forgot everything, in fact, but that she could have those bright scissors. They were quickly bought, and she hurried home with her first present.

Children, this is a true story. I have told it to you because the holidays will soon be here, and Santa Claus will bring you quantities of presents. Don't forget that there are houses where he never stops. What a happy idea for each of you to give him something to leave at such homes for the little Mames this year!

MAKE MOTHER HAPPIER.

"Mother's cross!" cried Maggie, coming into the kitchen, with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy, ironing; but she looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night last night with baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember, when I was sick last year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry, or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me. I ought to pay it back now; and I will." And she sprang upon the grass, where she had thrived herself, and turned her face, full of cheerful resolution, toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby. Maggie brought the pretty ivory bells, and began to jingle them for the little one. He stopped fretting, and a smile dim-

pled the corners of his lips. "Could n't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother, it is such a nice morning?" she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said the mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and baby was soon ready for the ride.

"I will keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she answered, "thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down the walk! She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest. She resolved always to remember and act upon her aunt's good words: "the very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody else is tired and cross."

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

A KNOWING DOG.

BY REV. W. T. W.

I suppose the little children that read this column in the HERALD, have heard some funny stories about dogs, that seemed full of fun and wisdom too. I want to let them hear about the funniest thing I ever really knew a little dog to do.

About five years ago, in the church where I was preaching, there used to be two dogs present almost every Sunday. One was a black and tan terrier. His mistress used to shut him up if possible Sunday mornings; but he would frequently get out of jail, or avoid being shut up, and when the time came he would scamper off to meeting, like a good religious dog. The other was a short, thick-set, woolly dog. He was sure to be ready to start for meeting when his master did. One Sunday, in the winter, he started in to church, up one of the side aisles. About half way up he came to a grating, through which the heat was coming, to warm the church. When he put his little paw upon it it almost scorched him; so he did not try to cross over, but sat down demurely, and waited. By and by a lady came in, wearing a dress with a long trail; and what does the little doggie do, but jump on the trail, and ride over the register. Then I found out what long trails were for, namely, to ride little dogs on over hot air registers.

The next Sunday, the little fellow went up the centre aisle, where there was no register, and then down the side aisle to his usual seat in the church.

Now I think that little dog was very wise; much wiser than some little boys and girls. When they have come to dangers, as the dog did to the hot grating, they have kept putting their hands in the way of getting burned, and have, at last, run over or through the danger, and been really burned. There are a great many grown men and women that would like to be back again in their childhood; and, if they could be, they would n't put their hand the second time near any danger, but they would do as the dog the second Sunday—run around another way.

Some will tell you that the dog would have shown more wisdom if he had sat near the grating again, and waited for the woman to come. But she might not have come; and if she had, and this dog had jumped on, he might have rolled off of the trail going over, or something else might have happened. I think he took the wiser course; don't you?

Will all the little children that read this do the same?

THE GOOD-NATURED DOG.

Our Newfoundland dog's name is Donatello; which, again, is shortened to Don in common parlance. He has all the affectionate and excellent qualities of his race. He is the most good-natured creature I ever saw. Nothing provokes him. Little dogs may yelp at him, the cat or kittens may snarl and spit at him; he pays no attention to them. A little dog climbs on his back and lies down there: one of the cats will lie between his legs. But at night, when he is on guard, no one can approach the house unchallenged.

But his affection for the family is very great. To be allowed to come into the house and lie down near us is his chief happiness. He was very fond of my son E., who played with him a good deal, and when the young man went away during the war, with a three months' regiment, Don was much depressed by his absence. He walked down regularly to the station, and stood there till a train of cars came in, and when his friend did not arrive in it, he went back, with a melancholy air, to the house. But at last the young man returned. It was in the evening, and

Don was lying on the piazza. As soon as he saw his friend his exultation knew no bounds. He leaped upon him, and ran round him, barking and showing the wildest signs of delight. All at once he turned, and ran up into the garden, and came back bringing an apple, which he laid down at the feet of his young master. It was the only thing he could think of to do for him—and this sign of his affection was quite pathetic.

The reason why Don thought of the apple was probably this: we had taught him to go and get an apple for the horse, when so directed. We would say, "go, Don, get an apple for poor Ruby;" then he would run up into the garden and bring an apple, and hold it up to the horse; and perhaps when the horse tried to take it he would pull it away. After doing this a few times, he would finally lie down on his back under the horse's nose, and allow the latter to take the apple from his mouth. He would also kiss the horse, on being told to do so. When we said, "Don, kiss poor Ruby," he leaped up and kissed the horse's nose. —JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, in *October Atlantic*.

POLLY'S REPROACH.

An English lady tells this funny story about a pet parrot of hers, and we copy it to please the little ones:—

My parrot was brought as a present to me some years ago. I don't quite know how old he is. You know parrots live sometimes to be very old; they have been known to live for a hundred years; if my Polly lives to be so old as that, he may belong perhaps to my great-grandchildren. Who knows? I am sure you would admire him very much; his wings are gray, and his breast is bright red, and he has a beautiful long tail. He is very amusing, and is always making us laugh. All my little nieces and nephews are so fond of him, and feed him every day; he copies everything we say, and when we laugh he joins in heartily, which amuses us very much; it seems so absurd to hear a parrot laugh just like we do.

When he first came to live with us he had been brought from a long way off, across the sea, and having been some weeks on board ship he had learned to imitate all the

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The autumn
the tree
The smitter
spray;
The summer
Our mother
grieves.
Buds, blossoms
tell
Of task complete
Night-dews,
sun
Harmonious

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For this the
ear,
The early b
kiss.
But O, my
fade, like
In thy fresh l
bloom;
Autumn far d

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or tears!
How swelled
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Thy high an
They say "
The blast
That, falling
pane,
Is dead, I kn
nor rain

I see the sun
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cold,
Its tinted pin
No more to
Nor leaf no
mine;
They came an
gone;
The end was
song,
For them no

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done,
Their place, is
fulfilled;
But thou art a
Yet 't is not
run.

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Is burthened w
I hear the shou
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